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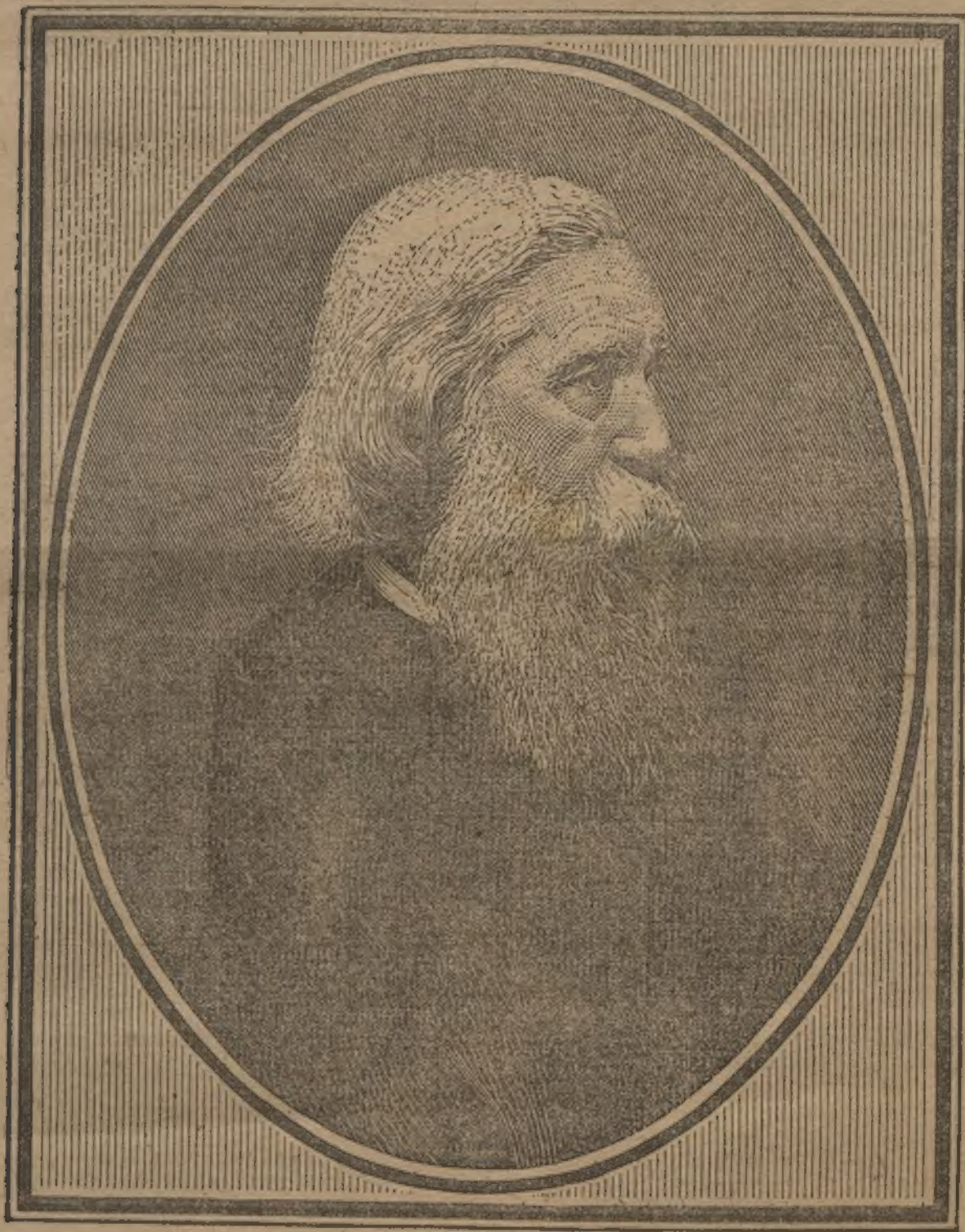
The Late Dr. J. G. Paton,

The Heroic Missionary of the New Hebrides.

The story of the life of the late Dr. Paton is a story of supreme heroism, and it deserves to be told at length. He was in his eighty-third year when he died; but during his long life he had many times looked death in the face, and never once did his dauntless courage fail him. The autobiography of Dr. Paton is perhaps the most fascinating work in the whole library of missionary literature. It was published as long ago as 1882, but it is still

day he heard that missionaries were required in the New Hebrides. He at once applied for permission to go out. Did he know that the work was of great personal danger? That the natives were cannibals, with murder and treachery in their hearts towards the white intruders? Yes, he knew, and that is why he wanted to go. There was no denying a request made in this spirit, and so in 1858 John Paton began his life's work. In the spring of that year he landed with his wife on the island of Tanna, a land sunk in heathen darkness. Former missionaries had been clubbed

er. One, so he tells, Ian, the great inland chief, who was lying sick to death, had been deputed by the others to kill him. 'Come near me, and sit by my bedside and talk with me,' whispered Ian, and as Dr. Paton sat by him, Ian swiftly drew a long knife which had been hidden by his bed, and held it quivering within an inch of the missionary's heart. After a few moments of awful suspense, 'during which my sight went and came,' Ian flung the knife away, and implored Dr. Paton to escape. This was after the brutal murder of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon in 1861, and the chiefs thirsted daily for Dr. Paton's death. During the first twenty years of his stay seven of his fellow missionaries were martyred and eaten, and perhaps the bitterest blow of all was the death of Mrs. Paton and her new-born child from fever shortly after his arrival. Undaunted, undismayed, and seemingly superhuman in his capacity for bearing with tribulations and trials that would shatter the average man, Dr. Paton worked, taught himself the various dialects, and instilled Christianity into the brutish souls of the islanders. He set up with his own hands and printed a book in Tannese, with type and a hand-press which had been sent from Glasgow, and the converted natives themselves toiled for fifteen years planting and preparing arrowroot for sale abroad to obtain the funds for the printing of the Bible in Anseityumese. The Scriptures have now been translated, under Dr. Paton's direction, into twenty-two native dialects. To-day there are 18,000 converts on eight of the Christianized islands of the New Hebrides. There are eighteen organized churches, and about 300 buildings which are used as places of worship and schools; there are hospitals, training institutions, and all the other paraphernalia of successful resident missions. On these islands the trader may land in safety; but on the remaining uncivilized and un-Christianized islands—representing a population of nearly 80,000—cannibalism and all the barbarous practices of the savage exist; heathenism is unconquered, and inter-tribal warfare, with the eating of the slain, continues unchecked. Dr. Paton greatly helped his work by his visit to England in 1863, when the greatest enthusiasm was aroused. Again in 1901 he came home and thrilled large audiences with accounts of his labors. On this last occasion he said: 'I wish I could take you down to my own island, the second island where the Gospel was received by the whole population. I landed there amid many dangers. Frequently have I held up the Bible in one hand and held out the other, pleading with the savages, I always felt that no club could strike without the Lord's permission. Had I not believed so, I could never have been a missionary. Whatever terrors have threatened me, I have remembered that Christ is supreme, and that all is under His control and all coming to pass under His purpose and permission. To-day, in that island, every individual except one old man about seventy years of age is a member of the church, in full communion. I do not think you would get any Christian community in this country where such has been the case.' The strength of the man was his unswerving faith,



THE LATE DR. J. G. PATON.

one of the most delightful books to spend an hour with. John Gibson Paton was born at Kiermahoe, near Dumfries, and was educated at Dumfries and at Glasgow University. It may be said of him that he was born a missionary. His parents were poor, God-fearing folk, with a large family to provide for; but young John Paton, like many another Scotch lad of humble birth, earned a college education by hard work and constant self-denial. Then for ten years he labored as a city missionary in Glasgow, working with the utmost enthusiasm and never sparing himself. One

to death and eaten, or else forced to abandon the work by hideous persecution. The natives were savages of a cruel and degraded type, cannibals from whom he had many narrow escapes. During the time he labored in the islands forty attempts were made on his life, and six missionaries who helped him in his work were murdered. He has related in his autobiography his escapes from death, and as one reads one is thrilled and fascinated by his wonderful courage, though he himself declares, with his simple faith, that each time the hand of God stayed the blow the murder-

his burning zeal for Christ. It is this, too, that makes his autobiography such fascinating reading. 'Dr. John Paton,' says a recent writer, 'was one of the very few men who did not need to acquire the power of expression by toil and painstaking. Whenever he set his pen to work the result was fresh, spontaneous, vivid, and arresting. The emotion that pulses through every page, the noble passion for Christ and the souls for whom Christ died, set the heart on fire.' This indeed is true. Dr. Paton's enthusiasm was infectious. His was the faith which could move mountains. Nothing daunted him, because he knew that he was but an instrument in the hands of the all-wise and all-loving Christ. His memory will live long among those who can appreciate high character, lofty ideals, passionate devotion, supreme self-sacrifice, and unlagging zeal in the service of the Master.—*Christian Globe.*

Dr. Paton's Last Letter.

One of the last letters written by the late Dr. J. G. Paton was sent to Mr. W. R. Moody, the son of the evangelist, and printed in the Northfield 'Record.'

'I am not very strong in person now,' writes the venerable missionary, 'but praise the Lord that He enables me to go on with His work, addressing a meeting almost daily, and from three to five or six every Sabbath. . . . I yet suffer much pain from the buggy accident in which I was nearly killed. . . . The doctors say I must rest, but I say not till I am unable to move about with a staff. The work is urgent and our laborers in it are very few, only twenty-five at present, yet this last year (1906) has been one of our most successful years. Many heathen have joined the worship and service of Jesus. Yet chiefly through French traders the devil has been very busy, in many cases leading our heathen to kill themselves and their children by intoxicating drinks. On one of our islands 150 died from it, and also many on other islands have been killed by it. But nearly all our converts keep from it, and do all they can to keep others from it. In some places sixty-six per cent. of the population died with it when suffering from epidemics introduced among them from Australia.'

'We are also all grieved with the English-French agreement regarding the New Hebrides, which goes much against both the native and Australian interests, and makes our work difficult and dangerous among the heathen, but the Lord we hope and pray will overrule all for good.'

A Chapel in a Mine.

A curious little 'sanctuary' has been hewn out of the coal at the bottom of a mine near Swansea. In this extraordinary chapel, which is fully one hundred fathoms underground, the miners meet for worship every Monday morning at 6.30 o'clock. The service is conducted by the aged miners, and the younger men, to the number of one hundred and more, take up the song and praise in the most hearty manner. The excellent voices of the Welsh miners are employed to advantage in this service, devoted to prayers for protection from dangers unseen, and those who have been privileged to attend, unanimously declare they never heard anything that so impressed them. In the dim artificial light the effect is very weird. The seats were uncushioned, without backs, and the 'pulpit' is but a rough deal desk. White-wash is the only pretence to adornment of the sanctuary, where the men have worshipped weekly during the last sixty years.

How to Win Many.

People are not won to lives of Christian service by an institution. They are won through relations of fellowship with individuals, with whom they feel at home through common experiences. Christians do not really know those whom they see only on Sunday dressed in their

The readers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER will confer a great favor on the publishers by always mentioning the NORTHERN MESSENGER when replying to any advertiser who uses its columns—and the advertiser will also appreciate it.

best clothes, or evenings when they are taught, fed or entertained in the church parlors or the parish house. Ministers do not know their communities unless they know the homes, and the burdens, desires and hopes of those who live in them and of those who have only lodging places. Each community must be studied and methods found by which the church may effectively serve it. They should not be spectacular, but patient, hopeful, upbuilding of individual characters and the church organization through personal relations of Christian fellowship.—*'Congregationalist.'*

Shut In.

I ran at His commands,
And sang for joy of heart;
With willing feet and hands
I wrought my earnest part.
And this my daily cry,
'Dear Master, here am I.'

Then came this word one day—
I shrank as from a rod
To hear that dear voice say,
'Lie still, my child, for God,'
As out from labor sweet
He called me to His feet.

Called me to count the hours
Of many a weary night,
To bear the pain that dowers
The soul with heavenly might;
But still my daily cry,
'Dear Master, here am I.'

His will can only bring
The choicest good to me.
So ne'er did angel wing
Its flight more joyously
Than I, His child, obey,
And wait from day to day.

The humble offering
Of quiet, folded hands,
Costly with suffering.
He only understands,
To God more dear may be
Than eager energy.

And he is here; my song,
That I may learn of Him;
What though the days are long,
What though the way is dim?
'Tis He who says, 'Lie still';
And I adore His will. —Selected.

What Infidelity Has Never Done.

It never raised a man or woman from sin. It never took a drunkard from the gutter, a gambler from his cards, or the fallen from a life of shame. It never found a man coarse and brutal in life and character and made of him a kind husband and father.

It never went into heathen lands among the morally depraved, and lifted them out of their degradation to a high state of civilization. It has never written down native languages, translated literature, or prepared text-books, or planted schools, or established seminaries and colleges. It has never founded hospitals for the sick or homes for the helpless.

What discoveries has it made? What improvements has it introduced? Has it added anything to human happiness? Does it bring any ray of comfort to the chamber of death? The religion of Jesus has done this and more too. 'The tree is known by its fruit.'

Loyal.

Recently a gay dinner party gathered in a beautiful and luxurious home. The host was a man of wealth, a careless, good-natured pleasure seeker, and his guests were for the most part of the same sort. Among them, however, one of the junior members of the company was a young man whose church alliance seemed to afford the others some amusement. It was not that he should be connected with a church and attend its services more or less regularly—that was common usage, and good form, of course—but that he had accepted one of its offices that made his presence necessary, and entailed active duty, that was deemed a subject for mirthful comment. As the merry company seated themselves at the table, the host glanced along the glittering board, and remarked lightly.

'I suppose saying grace would properly

be the first thing on the programme, but there isn't one of us that could do it—except our young parson here.'

Quite unexpectedly, but gravely and unhesitatingly, the young man indicated bowed his head and, in the hush that fell, reverently asked a blessing. Whatever had been the motive of the host—presumably only a momentary inclination to embarrass—his face wore a hue several shades deeper than its wont as heads around the table were raised again. One lady, a relative in the home, leaned forward and caught the speaker's eye. 'Thank you,' she said with quiet emphasis. Then the ripple of talk began again, and the incident was closed; but one young soul had proved its loyalty, and an old man had grown somewhat wiser. —'Forward.'

A Pointed Answer.

A lady was in society with a professed atheist, who talked much of his disbelief in God.

As none agreed with him, he exclaimed impatiently, 'I could not have supposed that in a company of intellectual beings, I alone could have been found without belief in God.'

'Excuse me, sir,' said the lady, 'you are not alone; my cat and dog lying yonder on the rug, share your ignorance, only they, poor beasts, have the wit not to boast of it.'—Exchange.

Do not Waste Your Powers.

Youth is the time to do solid reading. If we fritter the hours of youth away over newspapers and novels, we need not expect to have cultivated minds. The fresh mind, the quick memory of young years, are given to us to use on the best things in literature. When we waste them on trash, instead, we are throwing away powers that never can be regained.—Selected.

The Secret of Their Success.

They want their pay, but not until you can say 'Here is the dollar. You deserve it,' not until they have earned it, not until you are willing to send it to them, not until you want to send it to them, not until you are satisfied to pay it, not until they have proven to you that they have what they claim, not until Vitae-Ore has done for you what you want it to do for you. Until then, you pay them nothing. After that you will be willing to pay. Glad to pay, as hundreds of the readers of this paper, yea, thousands, have been willing and glad to pay. You are to be the judge! They leave it to you entirely for you to decide. If you can say that they, and Vitae-Ore, have earned your money, the Theo. Noel Company wants your money, but not otherwise. That is how this big Toronto medicine firm, who have advertized regularly in this paper for years, are offering their Vitae-Ore in their big advertisement in this issue, the secret of their success. That is how they have grown and grown, year after year, by acting fairly and squarely, that is how they have made hundreds of firm, true and lasting friends among the readers of this paper. Your neighbors have tried it, know it to be true; why shouldn't you? If you need medicinal treatment of any kind, if you are sick and ailing, if any one in your family is ailing, poorly, worn out, sickly, it is actually a sin and a shame if you do not send for Vitae-Ore upon the terms of their thirty-day trial offer. Read the offer! Read it again! Send for the medicine! Do it to-day! Each day lost makes your case older, obstinate, harder, hurts you more, pains you more. They take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. You are to be the judge!

DO YOU WANT

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A Fountain Pen?
A Jackknife?

Earn one easily by selling the popular illustrated national monthly the "Canadian Pictorial" at ten cents a copy. Twelve for a knife, eighteen for a pen, twenty-four for a watch, and six extra for the chain. Write to-day for a package to start on and full instructions. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal. Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF
WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

This destroying angel from the deeps had spread a thick, black shadow over two homes at least, for there was that other one where Mrs. Stanford, Reuben's mother, sat in her widow's crape and cap moaning over her son, whose sad end had all but brought her grey hairs in sorrow to the grave.

Yes, she sat far into the night, thinking, thinking, thinking. She called to mind the records and the ravages of this destroying angel in Netherborough, in her father's family, her mother's, and this latter thought brought the blush to her cheek, and the tears to her eye. Following in her mind's eye the various streets of the town by houserow, she gasped for breath as she noted the onslaught of this insidious and compassionless enemy. There were the Richells, the Marvels, the Pollages, the Radleys. Oh, dear! It seemed to her that as in Egypt, in the day of its most grievous plague, there was not a house in Netherborough where there was not, or had not been, one dead, done to death, too, in shameful and terrible fashion, by this demon of drink.

'What can I do?' said Jennie Bardsley to herself. I don't think she got an answer to her question then; but she got something better as she sank upon her knees and asked of God. She heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send? and who will go for us? And she said, Here am I, send me.'

CHAPTER XIV.

The next morning, Walter was amazed at the change wrought in Jennie's appearance. She congratulated him on the value of his prescription, and smilingly suggested that a dose of his own medicine might do him good. Not gradually, but even rapidly, did she recover her health and strength; and her spirits, though, naturally enough, and subdued, gained a certain cheerfulness which surprised and pleased her friends.

One of her favorite walks was the pleasant footpath along the Spaldon Road, and, of course, she had to pass and repass the cosy cottage and pretty little garden where old Aaron Brigham lived, a very bower, in which the good old man could pass his days in peace. Old Aaron had been more than sixty years a gardener; head gardener for Squire Langley most of the time; and it was during that time of diligent labor and careful economy that he had been enabled to save up the little fortune which was a sufficiency in his old age. When he retired from Horton Hall, he bought this little cottage and garden, and called it 'Lily Lodge.' The lily was his favorite flower; but that was not the reason why he decided on such an unusual name. That was prompted by his unflinching and life-long belief and trust in the providence of God.

'The Lord tells me to consider the lilies, that neither spins, nor labors, an' yet they wear finer cloase than iver Solomon did; an' I reckon he was about as fine as any peacock that his ships browt him. Anyway, the Lord's cared for me, and I lives i' Lily Lodge to show that I lives i' the gracious Providence o' God.'

Jennie Bardsley found herself at Aaron's cottage during these days of convalescent walks, very often, and found a hearty welcome every time. Esther Harland, kind heart, would get her a cup of tea, or a glass of milk, a biscuit, or a morsel of cake, and that and the little rest she got made her walks along the Spaldon foot-path quite an enjoyment; and the talks, the golden talks, she called them, that she had with Aaron were as great a refreshment to her heart and mind.

Not many days after the brief but potent talk which her brother Walter had had with her, she was slowly walking, for she was but

weak, in front of Lily Lodge, when she saw the old man busy in his garden, tying his tall hollyhocks to the stakes from which a brisk gale in the early morning had torn them away. The old man had not seen her out before, and would not have seen her now, perhaps, but that Esther, was in the garden hanging out the clothes, like the one in the nursery rhyme.

'Why, Aaron!' she said, 'there's Miss Bards-

'Hoo can yo' be so obstropolous,' Aaron, retorted Esther, who had rather a liking for long words, of which, however, she didn't generally understand the meaning, or properly manage the pronunciation.

'Why, noo,' said Aaron, who was delighted at the news, and meant to waylay Jennie. 'Did yo' ever hear of a born woman? You were a born babby, Esther, my lass, an' you are, or



'WHY, NOO, THIS IS GRAND,' SAID AARON.

ley—Jennie Bardsley, going by. It's her! It is, as sure as I'm a born woman!'

'Nonsense, Esther,' said Aaron, with his usual dry humor. 'If it's no surer then that, it can't be her; can't possibly, don't yo' see.'

'Yes, it can; an' it is,' answered the housekeeper, still following the unexpected vision with her eyes, and nodding her head by way of emphasis. 'It is, I tell yo', as sure as I'm a born woman.'

'All right, my lass; but I tell you, that if it's no surer, it isn't true at all.'

owt to be, a grown woman noo, but I doot, nebbe, there's a good deal o' t' babby left yit, eh?'

Hereupon, Esther, who had to be silent, by reason of the two clothes-pegs she held in her teeth, menaced him with the kitchen towel she was just about to fasten on the line, and Aaron hid behind a hollyhock to avoid the dangerous missile. Surely they said right in Netherborough, who affirmed that 'Owd Aaron Brigham could be as boyish as ever he was.' And why not, I should like to know? People who live

under the sign of the Lily, as Aaron did, grow younger and not older, cheerier and not sadder.

Aaron Brigham was on the watch for Jennie Bardsley's return from her walk. Esther was getting ready for their unexpected guest, that woman's specific for all ailments, a good cup of tea. In a little while the young lady was seated in the old-fashioned, spindled arm-chair, which had done good service for Aaron, and for his mother, for a century of years.

"Why, noo, this is grand," said Aaron, giving her a welcome that could not be surpassed in warmth, "I thowt the good Lord wad surely bring you oot o' the furnice in His own good tahme. An' noo the tahme's cum or cummin'. He allus said that He had summat special for you to do, an' though He can very well do without us, ivery sarvant of His is immortal till his work be done. Yours, I think, is only just beginnin'."

Jennie was much impressed by the old man's words, coming as they did so soon after the new consecration of herself to the special mission to which she had set her hand; and coming from such a quarter, they gave emphatic sanction to her purpose.

"Yes, Aaron," said Jennie, with a quiet smile, "I am beginning to think so myself. A few days ago, I really did think and feel that my work, if the poor, fitful, and indefinite domgs of my life can be called "work," was 'over; and I confess that I was selfish and thoughtless enough to hope so. God has graciously shown me that I am not my own, and that His servants must not only shirk their duty because of their own trouble, but find, in the trial itself, new fitness and new help for the better filling of their place, and the better doing of the task assigned them."

"Hey, but that's a good word, Miss Bardsley," said the old man, rubbing his hands in gladness. "It's the best news I've heard for a month o' Sundays; better even than your brother Walter's promise to stand fast an' fight the cure o' Netherborough. A woman, you see, can do so much mair, an' do it so much better, than a man. I reckon," he said, speaking in an undertone, "that you'll fight the same enemy."

"Yes, Aaron, and with the same weapons, the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and the sympathy of a heart, bleeding from the strokes of the same dreadful foe."

"Thank God! Thank God! Wi' that Sword an' that force to wield it, you'll be Deborah over again. May the good Lord go wi' yo' all the tahme."

When Jennie Bardsley left the roof of the aged patriarch she felt much as if she had received, at the hands of one of the Lord's prophets, a sign from heaven.

CHAPTER XV.

I have said that Tom Smart's home was beggarly and bare. It had, however, one rare jewel in it, one dainty piece of furniture that gave a glamor to the place, and might well command the admiration of all who came to know its peculiar beauty. I refer to little Kitty Smart. She was the eldest of the children, and though only just seven years of age, was housekeeper to the establishment, and a loving little mother to the rest of the small family.

Kitty was pale-faced and thin, but healthy enough in constitution, and had she been well-nourished would have been strong and hearty enough. That, however, alas and alas, is a rare experience to a drunkard's child. Despite her poor, torn garments, and the general frowns of her appearance, Kitty was what the Yorkshire people call a bonny bairn, and a certain winsomeness of mien and manner won for her many a helpful plate of 'morsels,' and many a dearly welcome penny to 'keep house with,' for in that unchildlike fashion it was sure to be applied.

(To be Continued.)

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

Some Measurements.

Sister measured my grin one day,
Took the ruler and me;
Counted the inches all the way—
One and two and three.

"Oh, you're a Cheshire cat," said she.
Father said, "That's no sin."
Then he nodded and smiled at me—
Smiled at my three-inch grin.

Brother suggested I ought to begin
Trying to trim it down.
Mother said, "Better a three-inch grin
Than a little half-inch frown."
—S. S. Messenger.

The Spark Makes a Flame.

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair.

"Where are you going?" said the taper.
"Away high up," said the man; "higher than the top of the house where we sleep."

"And what are you going to do up there?" said the taper.

"I am going to show the ship out at sea where the harbor is," said the man. "For we stand here at the entrance to the harbor, and some ships far out on the stormy sea may be looking out for our light even now."

"Alas! no ship could ever see my light," said the little taper, "it is so very small."

"If your light is small," said the man, "keep it burning brightly and leave the rest to me."

Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse, for this was a lighthouse they were in, he took the little taper, and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them.

You will think your little light of so small account, can you not see what God may do with you? Shine—and leave the rest to Him.
—English Paper.

A Convict's Message to All Young Men.

A popular, happy-go-lucky business man, who has just been sentenced to Joliet penitentiary on an indeterminate sentence, as the result of selling bogus real estate mortgages, gave this warning to other young men who may be tempted to lead a sinful life:

"Remember, young man, "that your sin will find you out." Be sure of it. You cannot escape it. I thought when I first sold a small mortgage of four hundred dollars that I could easily repay this by a lucky strike or a commission on some real estate deal, but when I found that I could not do this, and the person owning the mortgage asked for her money, then I had to sell another larger one to "make good." Then I thought it was so easy that I could keep up the crime forever.

"But, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Boys and young men, don't play poker. Don't

start when you are young, sneaking back of the barn with other small boys and friends and use corn for poker chips and learn to play. Don't, for God's sake, smoke cigarettes. Don't drink your first glass of beer or whiskey. Don't, because you hear of some neighbor making some money at the races, bet on horses. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

"There is the trouble, boys. Your first crime. It leads you on and on until you surely land where I am, and where I will be for the next number of years. Boys, remember this, "Be sure your sin will find you out." There is no getting around it. If one could only get rid of his conscience; but you can't. How many times in the past ten months have I stayed awake and thought and thought and thought. How many nights have I laid awake until two and three o'clock thinking and thinking of the sorrow, poverty and privation I was the means of making. It did not matter whether I was in the Red Sea, Indian Ocean, Australia or the United States, here was still that conscience calling, calling and calling again.

"Boys and young men, if you knew the suffering I have gone through the past ten months you would shun crime, untruthfulness and deceit as you would poison. A person is talking to you now who has gone through the mill. Not one who talks to you from theory or books, but one who has sinned and is getting ready now to pay for that sin, and pay very dearly."—Ram's Horn.

Chinese Finger Nails.

To-day a man came into the hospital, says Dr. Isaac T. Headland, of Peking, who would have made a fair specimen for a side show in America. He had allowed the nails to grow on the two small fingers—third and little fingers—of his left hand since he was seventeen years old, and he is now forty. Dr. Curtiss measured them, and the nail from the point of the finger—not from the root of the nail—measured exactly one foot in length. He had fitted small bambo tubes on the ends of his fingers, as shields for his nails, and had thus protected them for twenty-three years. He seemed to be nothing more nor less than a worthless confidence man who was no use to himself nor to any one else.

Self-control.

Almost everything worth knowing we teach ourselves after leaving school. But the discipline of school is invaluable in teaching the important lesson of self-control. Self-denial and self-control are the necessary postulates of all moral excellence. A man who will take the world easily will never take it grandly. To lie in the lap of luxury may be the highest enjoyment of which a feeble character is capable; but a strong man must have something difficult to do. Moreover, the happiness of the human race does not consist in our being devoid of passions, but in our learning to control them.—Prof. J. S. Blackie.

Far Better Than They Expected.

This seems to be the general opinion in regard to the premiums our boys are securing by selling the 'Canadian Pictorial.' The wonder is that we can afford to give such good premiums for so little work. The letters make pleasant reading, at least we think so, and we want just such letters from every boy reader of this advertisement.

"I am very pleased with the pen. It is a better pen than I thought, and I thank you very much for it.—Harold Campbell, Ontario."

"I got my pen all right, and I think it is a dandy for so little work. It writes beautifully and I would not part with it for anything.—Harold L. Pickard, P.E.I."

"The watch which you sent me is a beauty and runs well. Thanks for your kindness in offering such splendid premiums for the work.—Harold McAdie, Quebec."

"I received your welcome watch and am very much pleased with it. It has gone steadily all the time since I got it, and I wouldn't sell it for twice the price now.—Alfred Halpenay, Manitoba."

"I received the fountain pen you sent me and am very much pleased with it. I am very thankful for it. It is very useful as well as ornamental.—Thomas Swan, Nova Scotia."

"Received my watch some time ago and must thank you for it. It keeps good time and I am pleased with it.—Leonard Jackson, New Brunswick."

"I received the knife. It is a beauty. I carried it to school and showed it to all the boys. I gave six fellows the address and they said they would send for the 'Pictorial.'—William Long, Bonaville."

Do YOU want the address? It is: John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.' Write for a package to start on, with full instructions.

Gulliver's Adventures Among the Giants.

(By Dean Swift, as edited by W. T. Stead, for 'Books for the Bairns'.)

(Continued.)

On the 20th of October we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language Lorbrulgrad, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out bills in the usual form, containing an ex-

prised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand and carried me to the King, who was then retired to his cabinet. His Majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the Queen, after a cold manner, how long it was since she grew fond of a 'splacknuck'; for such it seems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her Majesty's right hand. But this princess, who hath an infinite deal of wit and humor, set me gently on my feet, and commanded me to give His Majesty an account of myself, which I did in



act description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and fenced it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shown ten times a day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me.

The frequent labors I underwent every day made in a few weeks a very considerable change in my health; the more my master got by me, the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my appetite, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and, concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. Her Majesty the Queen having seen me, was pleased to ask whether my master were willing to sell me at a good price. He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot. I then asked the Queen that Glumdalelitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor. Her Majesty agreed to my petition.

The Queen, giving great allowance, for my defectiveness in speaking, was, however, sur-

prised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand and carried me to the King, who was then retired to his cabinet. His Majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the Queen, after a cold manner, how long it was since she grew fond of a 'splacknuck'; for such it seems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her Majesty's right hand. But this princess, who hath an infinite deal of wit and humor, set me gently on my feet, and commanded me to give His Majesty an account of myself, which I did in

The King conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, he could not conceal his astonishment.

The Queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box, that might serve me for a bed-chamber, after the model that Glumdalelitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and, according to my directions, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square and twelve high, with sash windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her Majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalelitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and, letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet, in which to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in; the smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them; for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalelitch might lose it. The Queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket; very cumbersome, till I was accustomed to them.

(To be Continued.)

Two Friends.

'In a minute' is a bad friend; he makes you put off what you ought to do at once, and so he gets into a great deal of trouble.

'Right Away' is a good friend; he helps you to do what you are asked to pleasantly, and quickly, and he never gets you into trouble.—Selected.

God's Apothecary Shop.

The Bible is God's apothecary shop. Behold the prescriptions for:

Care—'Be careful for nothing.'

Doubt—(as to doctrine)—'If any man will do his will,' etc. Doubt (as to duty)—'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God.'

Fear—'Perfect love casteth out fear.'

Greed—'Seek first the kingdom of heaven,' etc.

Pride—'Be clothed with humility.'

Lust—'Walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.'

Selfish—'He that loveth his life shall lose it,' etc.

Ambition—'Seekest those great things for thyself? Seek them not.'

Anger—'Let all anger be put away from among you.'

Heartache—'He bindeth up the broken in heart.'

Loneliness—'I am not alone, the Father is with me.'

Despair—'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God!'

Guilt—'I will. Be thou clean.'

Weakness—'They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.'

Discouragement—'Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart.'

Heartsickness—'Rejoice in the Lord alway.'

Impatience—'Be ye kind, tender-hearted, forgiving.'

Appetite—'I keep the body under and bring it into subjection.'

Coldness—'Keep yourselves in the love of God.'—Selected.

Oldest Coin in the World Found.

Pastor Lormann, chairman of the Society of Scientific Research in Antolia, during a recent journey in Northern Siera, acquired a coin of pure silver in excellent preservation. Examination revealed a perfect Aramean inscription of Panammu Bar Rerub, King of Schamol, who reigned 800 years before Christ.

It is the oldest known coin in the world. Hitherto the Lydians have been regarded as the inventors of money, but this find shows that the Semitic Arameans used coins two centuries before the Lydians, as evinced by the latter's oldest coin.—'Christian Age.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

What the Dolls Heard.

(By Helen M. Richardson in 'The Child's Hour'.)

The little Chinese doll and the little Dutch doll sat side by side upon the nursery floor, just where their mammas had left them.

Gretchen sat up very straight with a look of expectancy upon her face. She never knew just what her Mamma Alice was going to do, especially when she had a broom in her hand. Gretchen had on her newest dress, and her mamma had bent her jointed body

are bent; and I don't think our mammas will take any notice of us, just now, 'cause they are so busy.'

After the dolls had made up their minds to sit still, and listen, this is what they heard:

'What will mamma say when she sees what we have been doing?'

It was Alice who spoke; Alice, with the broom in her hand, who stood watching Lucy struggling with the dust-pan and brush.

'I 'spect she will scold; I 'most know she will. She scolded awful when we cut up her red necktie; and now when she sees all these

are lots and lots more beads to pick up, now!'

Lucy was almost crying, and there were several little puckers between her eyes.

'Don't you 'member what Miss Hartwell said in Sunday school, last Sunday, 'bout 'fessing just as soon as you had done anything wrong?'

Alice was looking her little sister right in the eye.

'Y—e—s, but what will mamma do to us?'

Lucy's face had turned pale and her lip trembled.

'Never mind what she does! We've done wrong, Lucy Stone,—and you know we have! and I'm going to 'fess' just as soon as mamma comes home!' stoutly asserted Alice.

'Wh—what! going to tell her that we went to the buwow drawer 'nd opened the box with the shiny cover, 'nd—'nd took her bu—tiful bead bag and cut it all up into little teenty pieces, so that the beads dropped all over the floor 'nd we couldn't find half of 'em! Oh, sister Alice! I never could do that!' sobbed Lucy, covering her frightened face with two trembling little hands.

'Well, I am going to!' insisted Alice, starting up at the sound of a closing door in the hall below. 'Take hold of my hand, and I'll tell her, if you are 'fraid,' she continued, standing up very straight, and seizing Lucy's hand and almost dragging her to her feet.

Footsteps were coming up the stairs; and by the time Alice had succeeded in getting her sister upon her feet, facing the door, it opened quickly and their mother stood before them.

'Well, dearies, what have you been doing while mamma has been away?' she asked, stooping to kiss each little face. 'What!—tears?' she exclaimed, as her lips touched Lucy's wet cheek.

'Yes, Mamma! Lucy is crying 'cause we have been naughty 'nd she is 'fraid to 'fess it,' quickly spoke up Alice, stepping a little in front of her sister as if to shield her.

Then Lucy did a very brave



so that she sat with her feet and hands extended, just as though something wonderful was about to happen. Wonderful things sometimes do happen, you know, when dolls and children have on new clothes.

Happy little Wing Sing, the Chinese dolly, had tipped over until his head rested on Gretchen's shoulder. His Mamma Lucy was not so particular about his clothes. Kimonas are not so hard to take care of as dresses.

Something had happened which their doll brains could not comprehend; else why should mamma Alice and Mamma Lucy have left them so suddenly? and why were they now so busily at work with a broom and a dust-pan and brush?

'Perhaps if we sit very still we shall find out,' Wing Sing confided to Gretchen. 'We cannot move away from here 'cause our joints

beads she will know where they came from.'

All the while she was talking Lucy was trying to brush up into the dust-pan the beads which Alice had swept together. But she found so many all over the carpet that at last she got discouraged.

'Seems as if there were lots more beads on the floor than there were on the bag,' she said, digging into the carpet with her little thumb and forefinger in a vain attempt to secure every bead, if possible, before her mother's return.

'I'll tell you what we'd better do,' said Alice, who had let her broom drop to the floor, and was trying to help Lucy pick up the beads.

'Oh, dear! what shall we tell her, sister Alice? It is most time for mamma to come back, and there

thing. She suddenly let go Alice's hand, dried her little wet face on the skirt of her dress, and said, before her sister could get a chance—'We have cut your pretty bead bag into little teeny pieces, Mamma, 'nd dropped the beads all over the floor. We couldn't sweep 'em all up, 'nd Alice said we must 'fess, 'nd I was 'fraid to, 'nd Alice said she would tell you, 'nd now I've told you, myself, 'nd I aint 'fraid any more, Mamma, only sorry.'

Mrs. Stone looked down into the two little flushed faces lifted so bravely to her own, and there were tears in her eyes as she gathered both little forms close into her arms.

'Mamma would rather lose half a dozen bags, dearies, than have had you tell her an untruth,' she said. 'It was wrong for you to take the bag, and very wrong for you to cut it up; but I do not think you will do it again. You have been brave enough to confess it; and Mamma must be as brave as her little daughters are, and forgive you.'

In the middle of the floor the two little deserted dollies sat and whispered softly to each other.

'I knew my Mamma Alice would do what was right,' confided Gretchen.

'And I knew my Mamma Lucy would, too,' replied Wing Sing.

While both thought in their little doll hearts: 'It always pays to do right.'

Dickie's Birthday Surprise.

It was Dickie's birthday and he was six years old, and from the presents and letters that he had received that morning you would have thought that no one could possibly have forgotten the day—except perhaps the weather! It really was very trying, for it was simply pouring, and none of the little friends invited would be allowed to venture out.

Little Dick sat sadly in the hall, waiting for them. At last he gathered his toys together and carried them one by one back to the nursery again. He had hard work to keep the tears back. Nurse saw this, and tried hard to cheer him.

It was getting dusk, when there was a ring at the bell, but Dickie's

little nose was pressed against the window pane. He had given up his little friends long ago. He heard nurse coming upstairs; then she came in. Whatever was she carrying? Dickie rubbed his eyes to see plainer. Why, it was the dearest, sweetest little puppy you ever saw; and it had a label tied on to its collar, on which was written, 'I come with best love from Uncle Dick.'

Dickie forgot all about his spoilt party now, and soon he and the puppy were having the merriest of frolics together. So that in spite of the weather it would now have been difficult to find a happier little chap than Dick.—'Child's Companion.'

What the Cannibal Said.

By C. Cunningham.

Oh, the Gingerbread Man is puffy and fat,

Maria made him for me.

She rolled him and shaped him with many a pat,

He's a toothsome sight to see.

His round little, black little, curly eyes

(He's as cross-eyed as he can be!)

Seem to stare in a sort of frightened surprise

At great, big Cannibal Me.

I first take a nibble and then take a peck

At his crusty little toes,

And then catching hold of his sugary neck,

I bite off his turned-up nose.

Then with many another nibble and bite

I finish him up with glee,

And soon there is left not the tiniest mite

To stare at Cannibal Me.

—Selected.

How a Dog Got a Cooky.

(By A. M. M., in 'Morning Star.')

Max is a big black dog who lives at the Boston Young Women's Christian Association. Max has no pedigree worth mentioning nor any personal beauty worth speaking of, but he is a dog and to any one who knows what a large part a dog can play in the economy of life that fact is all-sufficient. Those who know him consider him faithful and intelligent beyond the average dog and that is saying a good deal

for him. He understands the use of an elevator as well as any person. When he wants to go up or down stairs he goes to the shaft and says, 'Wow.' The elevator girl understands and comes. Max walks into the elevator and rides till he comes to the floor where he wants to get off. Then he says 'Wow' again and the door is opened and he gets off.

Max knows what pennies are for. They are to take to the baker's and buy cookies, and when one is given him he coaxes his friends till he can get some one of them to go with him to invest it. The other day Max broke his record for brilliant achievements by getting himself a cooky without a penny and without any one to go to the baker's with him. He had been lying in his favorite corner in the central office for some time. His mistress thought he was asleep but he had evidently been thinking, for all of a sudden he started up and with the air of a person who has made up his mind to do something, walked to the outside door and asked to have it opened. The hall girl let him out and he marched straight across the street to the bakery. When he got there he walked in, put his front paws up on the counter and said, 'Wow.' 'What will you have?' asked the clerk. 'Wow, Wow,' answered Max. The clerk, being a wise woman, understood. 'Yes,' she said, 'a cooky. I will get you one.' So she took one out of the case, put it in a bag, and gave it to Max. He said another 'wow' which the wise clerk knew meant 'Thank you,' took the bag in his mouth and trotted home to tell his mistress what he had done and to show her what he had got. Then he came around to tell us in the other departments and we were convinced again that one of the smartest and nicest and best doggies in all the land was our glossy-coated Max.

DOLL'S PATTERNS

Eight different sets, each comprising three to six separate garments. Cut in medium size only, but may be altered to suit larger or smaller dolls. Any four sets for twenty cents, single sets, ten cents, or five cents if sent with some other order. Address, PATTERN DEPT. 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Correspondence

G. V., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm three miles from G. V. It is a very pretty place here in summer. We had good skating here about three weeks ago, but it thawed, and then it snowed, and the ice is not much good to skate or slide on now. But we have good fun at school just the same. I have a dog named Carlo. He is black all over, but a little white spot on his breast. He is nine years old, and does not play with me much now. About three years ago we had a crow, and he was getting

for fourteen years. We have two miles to walk to school and Sunday school. The Beaver creek runs across the corner of our farm.

MABEL I. SIPE.

[Your riddle has been already asked, Mabel.—Ed.]

K., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have three brothers and three sisters. My oldest sister goes to business college. I have no pets, but I have got a doll, and play very much with it. I live about half a mile from school, and the snow is so deep here I can hardly get through, but I have not missed a day since Christmas. I am going to try the Entrance examination in June, and

I am in grade seven. I go to manual training once a week to learn carpenter work.

RONALD HYNDMAN.

R., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, or to any other paper. I live in Alberta. It is very cold here; lately it has been 62 below zero. In summer, where I live, is almost the prettiest part of the town. I live in a big yellow house, next to the English Church minister. I have not lately been going to school, because the school is not well ventilated. I guess I will be going when the new school is built. I am ten years of age. I think I will tell a little story about something that happened. Our dog, Gyp, is a big, long, dog, a hound. Its color is black. It can jump out of snow as deep as six inches over a high fence. Whenever we call it for its dinner, if it is across the road, it will be over in a minute. It is a greedy dog. We came from the Okanogan Valley, B.C.; we had a big orchard there. But we have none here, nor mountains, so that I don't like it so well here.

EDITH FINLEY.

OTHER LETTERS.

Evelyn Spafford, S., Ont., has a kitty which she wraps up and wheels around in her doll carriage.

Harry Anderson, C., N.B., says the river is so near his home that he can skate up to school. How jolly. Your riddles, Harry, have all been asked before.

Ethel S., A., N.S., answers Hazel McRitchie's riddle (March 1), he was making horse shoes; also Mac Harris's, published the same date—Fifteen cents. The other answer is not right, Ethel. Here are two riddles from this letter: 1. If you called the tail of a sheep a leg, how many legs would it have? 2. Patch upon patch, and a hole in the middle?

Victor Aylesworth, P., Ont., answers Wesley Gray's second riddle (Feb. 22), but it is slightly twisted; the right way to say it is—Because every time you turn around you see a dago (day go) there. Your riddles have been given before, Victor, with the exception of this: In what place are two heads better than one?

Ada D. Simon, R.B., Que., asks several riddles, but they have been given before. You write very well, Ada, for a girl of ten.

Bertram Ogilvie, L. R., N.S., also sends a riddle asked before. Do you tap the maple trees you speak about, Bertram?

Margaret DeMille, G., N.B., is one of ten children, five boys and five girls. Your riddle was asked before, Margaret.

Ralph Maynard, C., Mich., is a left-handed boy, but he can draw just as well with his left hand, as others do with their right. Your horse will certainly find a place among the drawings, Ralph.

Winifred Parsons, L.B., Nfld., lives three miles from school, but she walks there every morning. It's too bad the skating has been spoilt, Winifred, but it will not be very long before spring will spoil it all the country over.

Karl McKinley, L.O., N.S., asks several riddles, but none are new ones.

J. Ferris Morrison, M., N.H., is the eldest in his family, with three sisters younger than himself, and no brothers. Plenty of responsibility for him, eh? Let us hope he remembers his place of honor.

Edith Annie McDonald, M., N.S., has a sister the same age as herself. What a fine double birthday time they could have.

Rosemond Pfennig, S., N.Y., reads the 'Messenger' out loud to her little brother. That is a fine way to enjoy reading.

Connie Barber, M., Man., can play a duet with her sister. Glad you had a happy Christmas, and were so fortunate, Connie.

Madeline Clarke, H., Ont., says there are only nine pupils going to their school. You must be like one big family, Madeline, but how would you like to be one among six or seven hundred, like the large city school?

Anson Pitt, S., Ont., sends several riddles, but only one is new to this page—Why can we say that doctors keep bad company?

Letters were also received from Thomas R. MacKay, L.B., N.S.; J. Stephenson, S., Ont.; Tommy Weaver, V., Ont.; Beulah D. R., Ont.; James A. Binnie, C., Sask.; Louis McLead, H., R., P. E. I.; and W. A. Henry S., N.B.



OUR PICTURES

1. 'Home, Sweet Home.' Mabel Mingle (aged 11), S. A., Ont.
2. 'A Bird.' Ella Taylor (aged 11), M., Ont.
3. 'Skating.' C. Robinson, M., Ont.
4. 'Horse's Head.' Jessie Drope (aged 11), C., Ont.
5. 'A Robin.' Rosemond Pfennig, S., N.Y.
6. 'Scotland's Bluebells.' Lizzie Haines (aged 10), P., Man.
7. 'Coffee Pot.' Dell Arbing (aged 9), F., P. E. I.
8. 'A Little Bird.' Muriel Barber (aged 11), M., Man.
9. 'A Writing Set.' Connie Barber (aged 9), M., Man.
10. 'Oakleaves and Acorn.' J. Robinson, M., Ont.

11. 'Rose and Forget-me-not.' Mary Alma Decker, C., Ont.
12. 'House.' Lewis W. Kelly (aged 10), C., N. S.
13. 'Mollie and Her Playful Kittie.' Queenie Potter (aged 11), S., Ont.
14. 'A Violet.' Evelyn Johnson (aged 13), A., Mass.
15. 'Cow.' Henry Cleland, S., Ont.
16. 'Grandpa's Pump.' J. Ferris Morison (aged 14), W., Man.
17. 'Buster and Mary Jane.' Jean A. Blow (aged 14), W., Man.
18. 'Congregational Church.' Frank Mitchell (aged 11), S., Ont.
19. 'Our Pig.' Beulah Dixon, R., Ont.
20. 'Stag.' Anson Pitt, S., Ont.
21. 'Ready for Going Out.' Rica McLean (aged 9), T., Ont.

quite tame, when, one morning, we went out, and he was dead. The C. P. R. railway divides our farm from another man's, and we see the train go past every day. There is a spur down at the crossing where they load hay and straw. Last year they loaded two cars of settlers' effects to go to the North-West.

GUY ATKINSON.

B., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl ten years of age. My father is a farmer. He lives about three and a half miles from the town of B. Last summer our house was struck by lightning. My mother and father were away at the time. Some coal oil got spilt, and a fire started. My brother put the fire out, and got a ten dollar cheque from the insurance company for it.

I think the answer to Ralph Crosby's second riddle is a well. I will close with some riddles:

1. How many eggs can a giant eat on an empty stomach?
2. Which cat has the most feet, one cat or no cat?
3. What do men do when they wear their shoes out?
4. What woman can not make a visit alone?

SARAH K. GILLIES.

C., Alta.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm of 100 acres, two and one-half miles from C., a small town on the C. N. R. line. This winter is the coldest winter there has been in this country

hope to get through. I will close with a riddle: A duck, a lamb, and a skunk all went to a fair. They each had to pay \$1.00 to get in. How many would get in? IDA LANGDON.

C. H., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I first took the 'Messenger' about a week ago. It is a lovely paper, and I like it very much. I am eleven years of age, and in the ninth grade at school. My mother and sister and I were on a trip to Newfoundland and Cape Breton last summer, visiting my mother's relatives. We had a lovely time. I live in a little village, where, when the tide is low, we can get lots of clams.

We have a large beach here, and in the summer time go boating. We have a lady teacher, and I like her very much. She boards with us.

JANET HOMANS.

[We are always glad to welcome a new friend. It's too bad you forgot to put in the answers to your riddles, Janet, as we can't print any unless we know the answer. Don't forget next time.—Ed.]

W., Man.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday school every Sunday, and I enjoy reading the letters in it. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am living on a steam-boat. I don't suppose there are many boys who live on a steamboat. I have lots of fun going down the lakes in the summer time. Papa is the engineer, and I am going to learn to be an engineer, too. I am fourteen years old, and



SUNDAY, MARCH 24, 1906.

Woes of Drunkenness.

Isaiah xxviii, 7-13.

Golden Text.

Wine and new wine take away the heart.—
Hos. iv., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 18.—Isa. xxviii., 1-13.
Tuesday, March 19.—Prov. xxiii., 20-25.
Wednesday, March 20.—Isa. v., 11-30.
Thursday, March 21.—Hab. ii., 1-20.
Friday, March 22.—Matt. xxiv., 42-51.
Saturday, March 23.—I. Cor. vi., 1-17.
Sunday, March 24.—I. Thess. v., 1-24.

For the Junior Classes.

How many of you can remember when you learned your letters? So you all can. Well, I suppose you just took up the book and looked at all the letters, and then you knew them, is that right? Oh, you don't think so! Frank says that you had to study them over a long time before you could remember them. Yes, that was the way it was done. You were told that the letter 'A' was 'A,' but you forgot it and had to be told again until by and bye you remembered it, and now you will never forget the letters of the alphabet. But that was when you were wee little bits of children, wasn't it? Perhaps now that you are so much older you don't have any trouble learning your lessons; you just read them over once and then you know them? No; you have to study your lessons just the same, and even when you are grown up you will find that you will have to study all life's lessons in much the same way. Our lesson to-day is on something that we have studied about before, but as it is a very important subject we have to keep ourselves in mind of it. Of course all the members of this class know what an awful evil intemperance is, and how much harm strong drink does. It is like the powerful king over a great army who has come into our land, and is making a great many people his slaves.

Tell the children about the kingdom of Israel in Isaiah's time, how it was threatened with destruction by the mighty Assyrian king with whom it had made an alliance. How it was trying to gain help from Egypt instead of making an open break and trusting in God. Show how the prophet had warned them time and time again, and how they neglected or laughed at his warnings. One of their greatest causes of national weakness was the drunkenness against which the prophet speaks so strongly. Apply the lesson to the present-day struggle against strong drink.

For the Seniors.

Study the history of the times, the position of Judea between two great powers, Egypt to the south and Assyria to the north. The nation is in open treaty with Assyria, but in fear of that power is seeking a secret treaty with its rival Egypt. Isaiah declares the worthlessness of their trust in Egypt (chap. xx., 5, 6), and denounces their duplicity (xxviii., 14, 15). The great rot of drunkenness is at the core of the national life. He has cried out against it many a time, and the ears of the people are represented as weary of the continual warning. In verses 9 and 10 the sneering words of the people are taken up and repeated by the prophet, and continued in the retort that if they will not listen to the warning which he gives God will teach them in another way by the aid of foreign hordes hanging about their frontiers. It is the threatened descent of the Assyrian armies which were even then destroying the

northern kingdom of Israel. The opening verses of the chapter predict the imminent fall of the northern kingdom, and then in the first verse of the lesson to-day the prophet compares his own kingdom with the state of the northern—"But they also have erred, etc."—and prophesies from this a like fate. It is the old question of national incompetence and ungodliness, brought about by self-indulgence and luxury. The national sin would not be unpunished by God, and the world's history shows a repetition of just such punishments.

(Selections from Tarbell's 'Guide'.)

Of all the indictments brought by moralists against nations, that which they reserve for drunkenness is, as here, the most heavily weighted. In ancient times there was scarcely a state in which prohibitive legislation of the most stringent kind was not attempted, and generally carried out with a thoroughness more possible under despots than where, as with us, the slow consent of public opinion is necessary. A horror of strong drink has in every age possessed those who from their position as magistrates or prophets have been able to follow for any distance the drift of social life. . . . Temperance reformers are often blamed for the strength of their language, but they may shelter themselves behind Isaiah. As he pictures it, the natural destruction caused by drink is complete. It is nothing less than the people's captivity, and we know what that meant to an Israelite.—George Adam Smith.

More than five centuries before Isaiah's time Homer described the ruin wrought by wine in the following dialogue between the hero Hector and his mother.

Stay till I bring the cup with Bacchus crowned,
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul
And draw new spirits from the generous bowl,
'Far hence be Bacchus gifts!' Hector rejoined.
'Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs and dulls the noble mind:
Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
To sprinkle to the gods—'tis fitter use.'

In certain mountain passes of Austria are found sign-boards bearing, in German, the words, 'Return forbidden.' These roads are so narrow and precipitous that there is not room for two carriages abreast; therefore, to attempt to retrace one's path might bring disaster upon one's self and upon those coming after. Once having started there, you must keep straight on until you have reached your destination. To-day's pressing duties call us forward, not backward. There are others coming after; we must push ahead for their sakes and for our own. Austria is not the only place where there is need of the warning, 'Return forbidden.'—C. G. Trumbull.

In the Burmese war, on one occasion, the enemy made a surprise attack at the British camp. It was a moment of immense peril, for, as everything seemed to be quiet, multitudes of the soldiers were drunk. Sir Henry Havelock, however, then a young soldier, was an abstainer and a religious man. He used to gather his soldiers together in a Bible class—a thing in those days almost unheard of. A despairing message about the expected attack and the state in which most of the soldiers were, was brought to the general in command. His reply was: 'Send to Havelock; his men are never drunk, and he is always ready.' And Havelock's sober soldiers repelled the assault, and saved the army from defeat and the nation from catastrophe.—F. W. Farrar.

(From Peloubet's 'Notes'.)

'The demon of drunkenness was eating out their manhood. Samaria is represented under the three figures of the "first ripe, premature fig," "the crown of pride," and the "flower of his glorious beauty," which is on the head of the fat valley.' The stateliness and the situation of Samaria are referred to in the glowing metaphors, and the onrushing desolation that was to sweep it away is before the prophet's eye, and touches his words with pity when he calls it "the fading flower"—so brilliant in its bloom, so soon to wilt and drop. . . . It is a city of "them that are smitten down with wine." What chance of surviving

has a flower when "a tempest of hail, a destroying storm, a tempest of mighty waters overflowing," batters and blows and floods the garden? It will be beaten flat, and all its gay petals lashed and torn. That is what will become of the proud city sitting queen-like on its hill, at the top of its fertile valley. "The Lord hath a mighty and strong one"—the invader is his, his instrument, little as he thinks it. His eager lust of conquest is wonderfully painted as like the greedy appetite of one who finds the earliest fig of the season, and devours it as soon as he has plucked it."—Alexander MacLaren, in the 'Sunday School Times.'

'This "hasty fruit" is small in quantity, and at the time it ripens the trees and vineyards generally are not under surveillance; that is, no watchman is on duty, and therefore any one passing a fig-tree, and discovering on it early fruit, seizes upon it with avidity, as if he had a right to it, enjoying it with the greater relish from the fact of its scarcity, and on the principle that "stolen waters are sweet." "While it is yet in his hand he eateth it up." Under this expressive figure Isaiah pictures the avidity with which the Assyrian king would devour Samaria.'—Mrs. Ghosh-el-Howie, in the 'Sunday School Times.'

Verse 10. For precept must be upon precept. The R. V. gives the true meaning, 'For it is precept upon precept.' The prophet is telling the same story all the time, continually repeating, everywhere, all the time, in season, out of season, the same old warning. 'We must conceive the abrupt, intentionally short, reiterated, and almost childish words of verse 10, as spoken in mimicry, with a mocking motion of the head, and in a childish, stammering tone.'—Ewald.

The original runs thus: 'Ki tsav, la-tsav, tsav la-tsav, qua la-qav, qas la-qav; z'eir sham z'eir sham.'—Expositor's Bible.

'A Pennsylvania lady tells that when General Harrison was running for the presidency he stopped at the old Washington House in Ohester for dinner. After dinner was served, it was noticed that the general pledged his toast in water, and one of the gentlemen from New York, in offering another, said, "General, will you not favor me by drinking a glass of wine?" The general refused in a very gentlemanly manner. Again he was urged to join in a glass of wine. This was too much. He rose from the table, his tall form erect, and in the most dignified manner replied: "Gentlemen, I have refused twice to partake of the wine-cup. That should have been sufficient. Though you press the cup to my lips, not a drop shall pass the portals. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink, and I have never broken it. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated, and the other sixteen fill drunkards' graves—all through the pernicious habit of wine drinking. I owe all my health, happiness, and prosperity to that resolution. Will you urge me now?"—The Christian.'

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Lev. x., 9; Ezek. xxxiii., 3, 4; I. Kings xvi., 9; xx., 16; Prov. xxiii., 20, 21; Rom. xiii., 13; I. Cor. ix., 25; Gal. v., 23; II. Pet. i., 6.

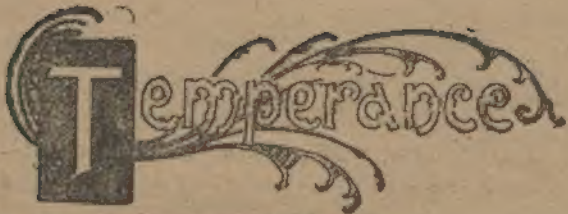
C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 24.—Things you have learned from noble men and women outside the Bible. I. Thess. i., 2-8.

Junior C. E. Topic.

GOD OUR KEEPER.

Monday, March 18.—Looking up to God. Ps. cxxiii., 1.
Tuesday, March 19.—Our help is in God. Ps. cxxiv., 8.
Wednesday, March 20.—He is our protector. Ps. xci., 3, 4.
Thursday, March 21.—He is our guide. Ps. xxxii., 8.
Friday, March 22.—He is our leader. Isa. xlviii., 17.
Saturday, March 24.—Topic—The Travelers' Psalm. Ps. cxxi.



'Lord, What Wilt Thou I Should Do?'

'The Master is come and Calloeth for thee.' Had I heard aright? Was the call for me? Was it I who was wanted? I listened again, And my heart incredulous filled with pain. That was keen and bitter and hard to bear. No doubt there were others waiting there To answer the summons—the good, the strong, And those who had served the Master long— Yet it seemed that to me the message came, For coupled with it I heard my name, 'The Master is come and Calloeth for thee.'

I felt at last that the call was for me, And timidly answered the darkness through, 'Lord, what wilt thou that I should do?' —Wait.

Is the Navy Temperate?

(Miss Agnes E. Weston, LL.D., in the 'Temperance Record'.)

At once, and assuredly, yes! I am, of course, speaking generally, and comparatively with the past. But Rome was not built in a day, and there are yet converts to be made, and the results are extremely gratifying and encouraging.

Drink has always been the seaman's snare and curse, and is answerable, as the officers know and will admit, for nearly all the crime in the Service. Personally, I consider it a most pathetic sight to perceive a fine, stalwart man-o'-war's-man reeling along the street, all his manliness gone, and rendered by drink either a maudling idiot or a swearing ruffian. It is a regrettable fact that rum has always been considered inevitably incidental to the seaman's daily existence.

At one time I was not myself a total abstainer, but my complete conversion came about in a curious manner. I had been endeavoring for some time to induce a particularly intemperate working-man to sign the pledge, and at length had succeeded in inducing him to come on the platform, and, pen in hand, he was about to sign, when he turned and asked me point-blank whether I was myself teetotal. I replied, I was compelled to reply in the negative, that I took a little wine, although in strictest moderation. Thereupon he threw down the pen, and said he also would drink in moderation! That same night I myself became enrolled as a total abstainer.

It was in 1872 that on behalf of the National Temperance League, I offered to carry on temperance work in the Navy as a handmaid to the Gospel. At the outset the difficulties I encountered were almost insurmountable. It would be necessary for me to address the men on board their respective vessels, and this was dead against the usages of the Service. However, the trouble was at length overcome through the good offices of Admiral Sir W. King Hall, K.C.B., at a time when he was Admiral Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard, who used his influence with the commanders of the different vessels.

But I first had to deliver a trial address, so to speak, to the men during the dinner-hour, in the dock-yard, and in the presence of Admiral Hall. This I did, and on the strength of this he passed his word to all the commanders, standing security for me. Thus my temperance work of the Navy began.

For some time the National Temperance League financed the Royal Naval Temperance Society, but subsequently when this help ceased I took up the burden, and myself supplied the needful funds for working the Society, about £1,000 a year.

The best way to reply to the question which heads this article will be to describe briefly the basis and development of the Society in question.

It is, then, strictly Naval, broad and unsec-

tarian. It in no way interferes with discipline, works within the Service rules, and has the approval and support of all commanding officers. Its objects are obvious, and are to lessen, if not entirely abolish, drinking habits, and so prevent the consequent crime; to enable the men to have a better chance in the Service, and particularly to warn the young against the evils of drink. The rules are very simple. Any seaman or marine may join the Society by signing the book on his own ship, thereupon giving up his 'grog.' There is no fee or charge of any kind, and a pledge card is given to every member. A member may withdraw at any time if he so wish.

There is a branch on every ship in the Service, and the work is carried out on each vessel, where practicable, by a committee, and cards of honor, medals, stars, and bars are presented to members in accordance with their period of abstinence.

During last year between 9,000 and 10,000 pledges were taken at the Rests at Portsmouth and Devonport, and on board the various vessels.

The Society has an official organ, called 'Ashore and Afloat,' which is published every month, giving particulars of the work and progress of the Society on the various ships, under the heading of 'Signals from Ships.' The paper is edited by Miss Wintz, and during a recent year its circulation was 641,200, being an increase of 10,000 over the previous year.

On one occasion a curious thing happened on board H.M.S. 'Topaze.' I had been addressing a crowd of bluejackets, who were grouped before me on the lower deck, and, not wishing to lose any time in obtaining signatures, I looked about me for a support of some kind on which to rest the Pledge Book. Catching sight of what I supposed to be a bread-tub, I asked whether I might use this as a table. 'Why, certainly!' said the commander, with a twinkle of amusement in his eye, 'it's the first time it's ever been put to such a use. Now, lads, a couple of hands to roll out the old grog-tub!'

It certainly was a curious support for the teetotal Pledge Book, but it served very well, and I enrolled no fewer than sixty names on it. The whole proceeding seemed to amuse the men very much, and, having signed, one sturdy young fellow gave the tub a rap with his knuckles, and remarked: 'There goes a nail in your coffin, old fellow!'

As an illustration of how much invaluable and kindly assistance I receive from officers and men alike in the Navy, I will describe a visit I once paid to H.M.S. 'Vanguard,' in order to deliver an address to the crew. The vessel was lying in Plymouth Sound, anchored three miles from the shore, and a friend pulled me there in a boat. Just as we were nearing the 'Vanguard,' it was seen that she was getting up steam, and the boatmen pulled for their lives in order not to be too late.

Arrived at the side of the vessel, another and more serious obstacle presented itself. It appeared that orders had been given for the vessel to leave port, and the accommodation-ladder had been shipped and stowed, so that, with the exception of the rope-ladder used by the seamen, there was no means of getting on board. My friend, however, was equal to the occasion, for, taking my card with him, he scaled up the side of the lofty vessel, and, landing on deck, presented my card to the commander. At once, and with true British courtesy, the latter gave orders for the unshipping of the accommodation ladder, stating that there was yet time for the meeting.

Very soon I stood on deck, where I was received with smiles and cordiality. A telegram from the Admiralty, it was explained, had been received, ordering the 'Vanguard' to put to sea, but if done sharply, there was time for an address. It was arranged that the meeting should be held on the upper deck battery, among the guns, and at once the boat-swain's shrill whistle was heard, and his hoarse voice proclaiming: 'Miss Weston aboard to give a lecture in the upper deck battery!'

And that is how the work is carried out at an emergency. Yes, the Navy is far more temperate to-day than ever it has been, and the happiest and best in the Service are those who have remained true to their pledges.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Good Old Things.

We used to have old-fashioned things, like hominy and greens,
We used to have common soup, made out of pork and beans;
But now it's 'bouillon, consomme' and things made from a book,
And 'pot au-feu' and 'Julienne' since my daughter's learned to cook.

We used to have a piece of beef—just ordinary meat,
And pickled pigs' feet, spareribs, too, and other things to eat;
While now it's fillet and ragout and leg of mutton braized,
And macaroni 'au gratin' and sheep's head hollandaised.

The good old things have passed away, in silent, sad retreat;
We've lots of high-falutin' things, but nothing much to eat,
And while I never say a word, and always pleasant look,
Oh, how I've had dyspepsia since my daughter's learned to cook.

—'Good Housekeeping.'

Take Rest.

Have you ever noticed that the woman who accomplishes the most in this world is she who is sensible enough not to work too hard or too long without resting? Besides, she is younger and fresher looking for her years than the woman who works to the limit of every day's strength and fags herself out with drudging. She is strong to satisfy the demands of home and her particular social surroundings, and above all, to prepare good food, which is almost sure, if no charms are left, to make idol worshippers of her comrades at home.

There is many a rest-producing change in store for the housekeeper. Even a flying trip from home rests and renews. It is no evil thing to drop things where they are and turn one's back on this, that, and the other thing, crying to be done. Life is so crammed full of them that there isn't room for all. Some things must be crowded out, and the distinction between the necessary and the unnecessary should be judiciously made. Do not keep to yourself all the hard, unpleasant tasks. Do you let outings and sociabilities pass you unshared, to be wholly enjoyed by your neighbor? She is no more deserving of it than you. Perhaps not so completely needing the benefit you lose.

My sister, don't be half-hearted with yourself. Don't be so selfish as to miss your share of life's comfort and reward.

It is far from fair that the hardest-worked, busiest-brained and tireddest-handed woman is the one to take all the bitter and leave all the sweet. Somebody is going to have that sweet which belongs to you. Life for the most part is too much a matter of routine. There is too much delving in one line, the following along in a beaten path, the staying in one rut. It is this more than any other thing that causes the premature breaking down and wearing out of the human machine. Had there been a change of occupation and thought, many might have kept in use and repair for years longer.—'Mirror and Farm.'

Eye Dont's.

Don't read, study or sew lying down.

Don't have the light fall on your work or book from the front; have it slightly back and from the side, preferably the left.

Don't go where there is a glare of either sunlight or electric light more than you can help. The green of the country and of the grass and trees is restful for the eyes.

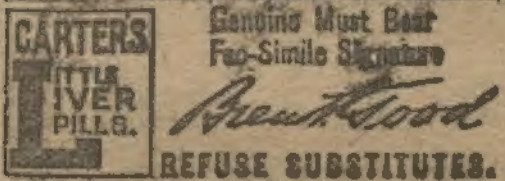
Don't despise the day of little things. The

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SICK HEADACHE



SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.



whole system needs to be in good condition to keep each organ right. So keep your body strong; for when the body weakens the eyes weaken. This is the reason of failing sight in old age.

Don't go to an optician to get glasses without first being examined and treated by a good oculist. Much harm is often done in this way, and your eyes are not things to run any risks with.

Don't use the eyes when very tired or weak from sickness; they are the most sensitive of our organs, and tire as the rest of us tires, and use, after a certain point of fatigue or weakness has been reached, is injurious to any part of our body.

Don't forget that hot water is most efficacious in case of inflammation or tiredness. Bathing for about ten minutes with water as hot as you can bear your elbow in is almost a sure relief. A boracic acid solution, which can be obtained at any drugstore, also is excellent.

Don't neglect or strain your eyes; they are the most precious and useful of our senses. Take as good care of them as is in your power in the first place; but if they are not as they should be, have them attended to at once. Remember, if they are once injured, they are never quite so good as they were before.—Selected.

Religious Notes.

The contribution by Lord Strathcona of \$2,500 a year for five years, makes possible an extension of exploration work in Asia Minor, which is expected to throw light on some very interesting questions in connection with Biblical and other ancient history. Sir William Ramsay, it is said, will shortly go to Asia Minor to undertake investigations on a much greater scale than has hitherto been attempted. Sir William, in speaking of his intentions, says that he has been convinced for a long time, and now thinks it will be practically demonstrated by the next great series of discoveries, that Aryan history had its beginnings in Asia Minor, and that the people called the Hittites in the Bible, are the children of Heth, from whom Abraham bought a piece of land to make a grave for his family. Sir William is also credited with the statement that he will not be satisfied until the clay tablet recording the sale of that piece of land is discovered. He thinks there can be no doubt that the sale was thus registered, and the tablet deposited in a Hittite temple. Of the Hittite empire he says: 'It extended from the Aegan Sea to the borders of Egypt. It included the whole of Asia Minor and Syria. Their capital was in the northern part of Asia Minor, and its modern name is Boghazskens. We know the sites of several of the great cities in Asia Minor. The duty of the future is to dig up those cities.'

Over 100 Protestant churches in France have agreed upon some sort of union. The first three articles of the union agreement read as follows: 'In Jesus Christ, as Son of the Living God, and Saviour of men; the unique religious value of the Bible, document of the progressive revelation of God, and the right and duty of churches and of believers to put into practice free investigation in harmony with the rules of the scientific method,

and the reconciling of modern thought with the gospel. The form of union adopted is the Presbyterian, and the governing body a general synod.

The secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, Mr. H. Martyn Gooch, writes: 'Arrangements for the eleventh International Conference of Christians, which is to meet in the King's Hall, Holborn, from July 3rd to 8th, next, are well advanced. The following countries will send delegates: United States of America, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, and Italy.'

Dr. George E. Pentecost will have the sympathy of his many friends because of the sudden death of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Lucy P. Converse, an accomplished and brilliant woman, who accompanied her parents in their recent journey around the world. In their visits to foreign mission fields she sang to natives and Europeans in hundreds of meetings addressed by her father.

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Cured by Vitæ-Ore.

GORRIZ, ONT.

We owe much to Vitæ-Ore, my husband, my brother and myself, and in recommending it to our friends and neighbors we try only to repay a small part of the debt. For many years I suffered with a sore back; it hurt me to bend it, to pick up something from the floor; at times the pain would be so bad I could hardly move. Then Sciatica developed and the misery I suffered was indeed something terrible. I tried every medicine and treatment which I thought would do me any good, but got very little benefit. I was almost without hope of relief when I saw the Vitæ-Ore advertisement, and I procured a trial package only as a last resort. It was offered so fairly that I thought there might be some good in it, and I knew



I did not have to pay for it if it did not do some good for me. By the time I had used half of the package I felt that at last I had found the right remedy, and I continued with it until I was sure the benefit was lasting. This was three years ago and I am still cured to-day.

My husband, who has been afflicted with Stomach Trouble, began its use upon seeing what it accomplished in my case, and it produced the same beneficial results for him, doing him more good than all of the medicines he had taken.

I was then so impressed with its wonderful powers that I sent a package to my brother in Manitoba, who had been given up as incurable with Rheumatism and Dropsy, and who, also, had a very bad running sore or ulcer on his leg. Before he had taken the entire package I had sent him, the sore was almost entirely healed and his health began to return. He had not been able to work for years, but after using altogether three packages, his health was so remarkably improved that he was able to return to his regular work. His wife writes me: "We cannot say too much in praise of Vitæ-Ore. It has made a new man of George."

I send my husband's and my own photograph, and am glad to add our testimonials to the long list who say "Vitæ-Ore has cured me."

MRS. EDW. GALBRAITH.